

TRAIL RIDERS



No. 98
SUMMER
1956

● In this edition of "Trail Riders" Magazine, we take pleasure in presenting the second two of a series of 10 cartoons by Calgary-born Stewart Cameron dealing with the lighter aspects of a pack trip in the Canadian Rockies. First two of the series appeared in the December edition.

Those reproduced in this issue, along with those to follow, should bring many a chuckle to our members, most of whom have found themselves in the predicaments touched upon by the cartoonist. All depict the observations and experiences of Mr. Cameron himself, of dudes and pack outfits, during his many years of packing in the mountains.

Born and raised in Calgary, where the Rockies to the west

(Continued on page 31)

★ ★ ★

● This is one of a set of ten cartoons by Stewart Cameron, entitled "Pack Horse in the Rockies" — average size: $8\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$. The complete set can be obtained by writing — Cameron Cartoons (No. 3), Box 388, Calgary, Alta. (Price: \$1.00 per set, by cheque, money order, or cash).



Cameron

"DEAD TIMBER"



Tepee Smoke Signals

* * *

An added dash of color—and we do mean color—is scheduled to blaze on trail ride apparel this summer! With the arrival of a consignment of new felt crests, trail riders will have the nearest thing to perfection in design since we first experimented with the idea of reproducing a horse and rider on felt.

The color scheme is also refreshingly new with garnet and gold heading the theme.

* * *

The horsey sketches you'll find lighting up this current issue of the Bulletin represent the work of a Montreal artist, Larry Mulligan. If you like the effect, we'll be pleased to hear about it. Any ideas, in fact, you may have for adding to the magazine's interest, will be welcomed by the editor.

* * *

We wish to thank those who have contributed photographic material or news items of interest to our membership, some of which have been reproduced in this issue. Successful trail rider reunions, held in various points during the off-season, have been reported by a number of co-operative members.

* * *

The lion's share of photos in this issue were shuttered by Johnny Kalina, official trail ride photographer on last year's cavalcade. Others are credited to Nick Morant, Helen Ramsay, and Mac Juster. The graphic picture map at centre was plotted and penned by our good friend, Herb Ashley, Banff Park's chief warden.

* * *

Those new Life Membership certificates are finding high favor with those to whom they have thus far been issued. The work of the late R. H. Palenske, whose sketches have appeared in the Bulletin for many years, the new certificate is reproduced photographically on page 30 of this edition.

Skyline Hikers to Explore Wonders of Paradise Valley

Trail riders who have holiday time left over at the ride's conclusion can reap an extra dividend of trail and tepee life—provided, that is, if they're willing to turn in their saddle for a sturdy pair of hobnailed hiking boots.

No sooner does the six-day ride conclude its activities than another group sets out for the high hills. This year, the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, will hold its annual five-day camp in lovely Paradise Valley in the vicinity of Lake Louise.

Dates for the "Bunion Derby," as it is affectionately termed, are Saturday, July 28th, through Wednesday, August 1st. Life with the Skyliners is identical to that on the ride, except, of course, they use their own legs instead of horsepower!

There is that same picturesque tepee camp, complete with Doughnut assembly tent, the same nightly singsongs, stunt nights, and appetizing bill-of-fare. There are the same fine opportunities for photography, fishing and nature study.

Total cost is only \$40.00, this including tepee accommodation, meals, gratuities, and transportation of all duffle between camp and Banff, both ways.

DON'T BELIEVE IT !



Don't be alarmed, folks, it's just an optical illusion. And besides, who ever saw a buffalo lapping water in this fashion? Effect was produced (accidentally?) when empty oil drum was parked ingeniously beneath Indian painting on assembly tent wall. It was too much for cameraman to resist.

MYRIADS OF UPLAND TRAILS

This Year It's the Pipestone!



WHEN IT's trail time in the Rockies — and it won't be long now — will *you* be a part of that colorful cavalcade? Will *you* be viewing the breathless grandeur of the Canadian Rockies from beneath the broad brim of a 10-gallon hat?

If you haven't already signed up, there's still time to make that all-important date with the Trail Riders. Empty saddles are still to be had in that old corral! And your pony is saddled and waiting — waiting to take you on the most scenic ride of your life!

Perhaps you're waiting for some facts and figures. When do we camp — Where do we camp — and what's the price tag??? Well, your answer man is standing by and ready to act. So fire away!

First of all, the dates. As in the past, two rides are lined up for the coming season, the first scheduled for Friday, July 13th through Tuesday, July 17th, and the second from Friday, July 20th, through Wednesday, July 25th. So, if you like *long* week-ends, here's your chance.

These dates, we might add, correspond to those of previous rides when weather condi-

tions are (according to the law of averages) the most reliable.

So if you have a red or blue pencil handy, we suggest you do a bit of artwork on your favorite calendar — nice big colorful rings on the dates in question — a reminder that you have a date with the Trail Riders.

So much for the dates. The question now is where do we erect our tepees? The answer is as glamorous as it is picturesque — Pipestone River! By the shores of this fast-flowing glacial stream, near its confluence with equally fast-flowing Molar Creek, some 20 Indian tepees will point their spires heavenward from July 13th till the six-day camp breaks up July 25th.

It's a campsite that has few rivals for downright alpine glamor anywhere in the uplands! Situated at the junction of three broad valleys, the camp offers an exciting variety of vast vistas and miles of skyward trails. By reason of this rich scenic endowment, the region will ensure a different route for each day's ride — with plenty of scenery left over!

Foremost eye-catcher on the not-too-dis-

tant horizon is the mighty Molar — that awe-inspiring giant's tooth jutting abruptly from the ridge of 9,924 ft. Molar Mountain.



Conventional bridges are the least of the trail riders' worries when there's another river to cross. They just stay put in the saddle and let Old Paint do the rest. Horses have uncanny intuition for picking their way over large invisible boulders lining bed of fast-flowing cataracts.

At left, file of Trail Riders negotiates one of the numerous streams punctuating last summer's itinerary.

Take a good long look at this striking example of Nature's own sculpture. It's to be our bearing on many an outbound and homeward excursion on the trails.

Making a quick "about-turn", you'll find yourself face to face with 10,125 ft. Mt. Richardson rising majestically in the south-east. And far to the south loom the mighty peaks of the Victoria Group to provide as majestic a backdrop as ever graced the trail ride camp scene.

To the northeast the swirled bare limestone slopes of 9,454 ft. Cataract Peak throw back the last rays of sunlight at the end of a day's ride. Other giants of this alpine wonderland — all visible from camp — include the monarch of them all — 11,135-ft. Mt. Hector northeast of Tepee Town.

No campsite would be complete without

a fast flowing stream of clear green glacial water! And that's a perfect description for the Pipestone River which provides the waterfront for Camp '56. But the Pipestone is more than that. It is also our pathway into the wilderness. From the time we take to the saddle near Lake Louise till our first glimpse of Tepee Town, we are seldom far removed from its musical chatter.

Most striking of the daily excursions, perhaps, is the "Molar Ride", which follows the creek of that name to skyward Molar Pass.

Once in the saddle, we swing northward from camp, following the Pipestone trail to the junction of the Molar. For the next six miles we are treated to an exciting variety of terrain. At one stage of the journey we're plodding through pungent

evergreen forest, along undulating trails carpeted with needles of spruce and pine. And minutes later we're trotting or cantering over broad flat meadows.

Lunch on the trail will be taken by the marge of a tiny alpine lake nestled in the cirque a long melted glacier! This dazzling splash of blue announces itself with a startling suddenness as the trail ascends to the summit of the flower-carpeted ridge. This is above-timberline country — that magic world that lies above the last frontier of spruce and larch — a world of sun-drenched

alpine meadows some 7,500 ft. above sea level.

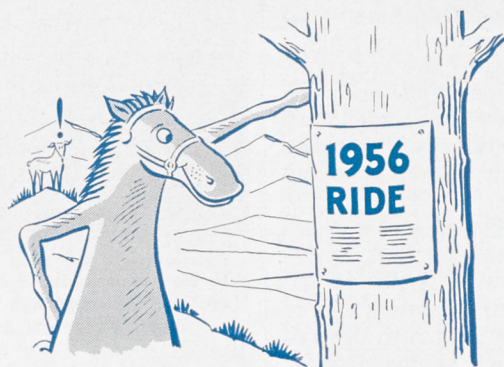
The cavalcade will plod slowly upward till it comes to a stop on a high plateau. The scene below — and in all directions — will start camera shutters clicking at a merry tempo, while "Oohs!" and "Aahs!"

will sum up the main jist of trail ride conversation. If you marvelled at the view from Badger Pass, wait till you see the silvery thread of Molar Creek and its Mount Hector backdrop from this supreme vantage point.

With your eye still glued to the hypnotic panorama, we negotiate the steep but not-too-distant descent to timberline and the Molar Creek trail back to supper, sing-song and campfire hi-jinks!

This of course, describes but one day's phase of the itinerary. Multiply this by five or six and you'll get a hazy idea of what it means to spend a holiday with the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

So, if you'll pardon the repetition, will *you* be on hand when we saddle up for the 33rd annual ride? There's still time to reserve yourself a saddle!



DON'T FORGET THESE BIG DATES!

Five-Day Ride — Friday, July 13th to Tuesday, July 17th

Six-Day Ride — Friday, July 20th to Wednesday, July 25th

Cruise to the Northland



By NINA LE BOUTILLIER

VACATION DAYS are precious days, and for those who are seeking recreations in wider horizons with adventure all along the way, Alaska and the Yukon have something different to offer that will linger in memory lane for many years to come.

This great northern frontier, where sunrise and sunset are so staggeringly beautiful, and where the glorious midnight sun almost overwhelms one with wonder as it lights up the heavens during midsummer, is truly a scenic and rugged country. Here are snow-crested mountains, sweeping valleys, broad and roaring rivers, where ancient stern paddle-wheel steamers still ply back and forth, much to the visitors' rapt surprise and delight!

Yes, indeed, the mere mention of a cruise to these romantic settlements and native fishing villages within the Arctic Circle, conjures up visions of half a century ago, of daring adventurers of the gold rush days of '98, when men staked rich claims of gold. In those early days of easy money there seemed no end to the gold source, and many fortunes were made — and lost — in that fascinating flamboyant prosperous era.

Realization of a trip to this silent and mysterious land was the writer's own thrilling experience. It followed, by the way,



Half the attraction of a trip to Alaska or the Yukon is the process of getting there. Majestic coastal scenery and romantic ports of call never fail to delight the tourist.



Reminders of the gold rush days of '98 are still to be found in the Land of the Midnight Sun. Here an old sourdough proves to a fair southerner that panning for gold is not a lost art.

one of the five-day trips with the trail riders! After ambling along the high trails near Banff and Lake Louise, it was with an equally relaxed feeling of peace and "away-from-it-all" that I joined a party of friends at Vancouver and boarded the Canadian Pacific Steamer, "Princess Louise", which is so ideally suited to a leisurely pleasure cruise of this kind.

Many are the wonderful moments recalled, as we cruised along those placid waters of the 'inside-passage', and enjoyed the fun-filled days at sea interspersed with shore excursions at numerous ports-of-call, including Indian villages with tall totem poles looming in front of log houses, denoting the ancestry of the inhabitants.

It was exciting navigating through Seymour Narrows, Seaforth Channel and Cousins Inlet and making our first stop at Ocean Falls, a busy pulp and paper centre, where we bought souvenirs and post cards. Then we were plying through Granville Channel, a narrow course that eventually led us to that busy port of Prince Rupert, noted for its extensive salmon and halibut trading with important markets of the continent. At times we were close enough to the land, to almost touch the deep-cut fjords, and as we neared Dixon's Entrance, we passed the historic settlements of Meta-

(continued on page 10)

Teen-Age Round-Up

By ELIZABETH G. SMITH

WHY — When — How — Where do you find all the nice teen-age girls you bring to the Canadian Rockies each year? Perhaps these cover the various questions that have been asked me many many times. Therefore at Graham Nichols' suggestion, I will endeavor to answer them in hopes that it will make a complete story as to the "rounding-up of my fillies".

Why? Because I enjoy working with teen-age girls and wish to share with them the fun of ranch life, to awaken in them the joy of travelling and of seeing and appreciating natural beauty. Yes, too, it keeps me out of mischief during my vacation as well as being a small adventure in business.

When? When can mean many things. When did I start taking ranch groups? I started taking girls to Wyoming quite a few years ago and have also taken them to Arizona and Colorado. After the war some of my students asked me to take them to a ranch. So I came to Canada. When do I get started for the coming year? I never stop. However I do very little ranch work in September and October but in November and December I start my list and get working during the winter months. When do we



Lib's girls enact woes (or should that be whoas?) of trail riding at last year's stunt night.

go West? We spend the month of July at the ranch.

How? How do I obtain my nice girls? I make a personal call on each and every girl in her home and meet her parents. We do have a social code to live by while at the ranch therefore I try to go over this with both parents and girl. I do not have any printed information concerning our ranch activities but our happy good times are passed on from one girl to the next. This is the best type of advertising one could have.

Where? Where do I get my girls? There are always quite a few from where I teach, Abington Friends School. However, I try not to take too many from any one school, but rather from various parts of the country. Yes, I have had them from Canada, too. Where do we stay while in Canada? We stay at the Kananaskis Ranch, Seebe, Alberta. We ride daily and take in the

activities of ranch life, such as picnics, Calgary Stampede, Banff Indian Days, cowboy dances, but the most important is the annual Trail Ride.

I hope this has given you a little insight into the Why, the When, the How, the Where, of my Teen-age ranch group!



Trail Riders close ranks before tackling the broad snowfields of Pulsatilla Pass. Though completely at ease in the saddle, members were given special tips to facilitate passage over this strange terrain.

Trail Riders Donate Name to Western Band



What's in a name?

Plenty, according to Sky Floyd Drew, of Calgary—particularly if it happens to be "Trail Riders"—the name recently adopted by Drew's newly-formed five-piece western band.

It was an appropriate choice for a number of reasons, according to Sky Floyd. In the first place, his partner, Murray Dickson, who plays the steel guitar, was on last year's trail ride and helped liven the scene at several nightly sing-sings.

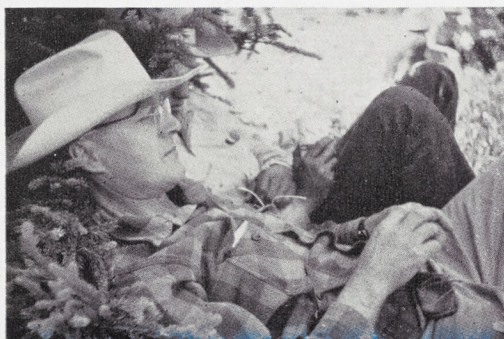
At the same time, Sky Floyd Drew was at Wapta and Yoho with stock. Both Dickson and Drew have been guides in the National Parks which adds another feather to their trail riders cap!

"We are now a five-man group with the conventional style of western music," writes Sky Floyd in advising the Trail Riders of the band's wish to adopt the name "Trail Riders."

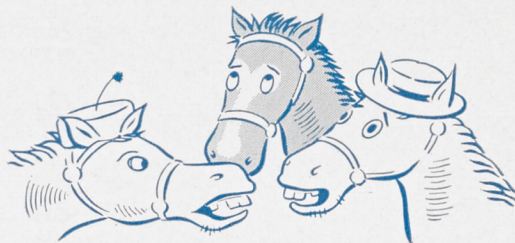
"A lot of work and money went into the formation of the group and we intend to make it the smartest to be found. It would be nice to think we could help each other... I would like to thank you and the organization on behalf of the boys and myself."

Sky Floyd has promised to send us a photo of the "Trail Riders" band, along with the names of the performers, when photo is available. Needless to say, we'll be looking forward to hearing our namesake band at sing-song time — or at least at our annual pow-wow.

TAKING IT EASY!



Howard Watkins takes time out to dream of king-size rainbow he plans to add to his creel. One of our topnotch Waltonians, Howard sees to it that trout is included on the camp's bill-of-fare.



CORRAL CHATTER

● Congratulations to Kay McVeigh on appointment to promotion manager, Station CFQC-TV in Saskatoon. It's a nice city, writes Kay, but too far from Banff... Wally Joyce's trail ride photos making big hit with Toronto viewers, and these have been many... A trip through Yellowstone Park was a happy epilogue to trail ride for Daphne Doughton, formerly of Red Deer, Alta., and now residing in Ottawa.

Keith Hoffmeyer and Marsh Diverty reliving Eohippus camp during Fall stop-over. "I know Marsh was glad to see me," writes Keith, "because he insulted me all evening. "... Hammy Neelands, of Edmonton, has taken up fencing for a hobby. Was in competition recently with a Calgary club... Joan Wright (TR-'54) visiting New Zealand according to report from Thada Quakenbush.

Jim McIver, formerly of Calgary and Wainwright, now manager of Bank of Montreal at Two Hills, Alta... Jim Barber doing magnificent job of recruiting new members for Camp '56... Sorry to hear Uncle Ray Bagley laid low with what he calls a "forced holiday." Not even a broken neck can hold Ray down for long and we trust he'll be reciting at sing-song again come July.

Note of thanks from Vera Hansen, of Stettler, for miniature of Townsend Trophy. Its arrival also aroused station agent's interest. As a result, says Vera, we may have a new fan in our midst... Ruth Woolley should be back with cavalcade on 6-Day Ride... Marshall Diverty's daughter Jane, veteran of several rides in the 'Forties, to visit Rockies this summer, accompanied by the kiddies. Marsh himself to spend a couple of days in camp.

Vida Peene, of Toronto, reliving ride with the aid of "Trail Riders" magazine and pix by Wally Joyce and Louise Wolfenden... Town of Tranquille, B.C. well represented on six-day ride with the Misses Ella Carson, Emily Clark and Eva Moody all signed up...

DAN McCOWAN WAS ARDENT SUPPORTER*His Heart Was in the Rockies*

A LONGTIME friend and stalwart champion of the Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Dan McCowan, noted Canadian naturalist, author and lecturer, died recently after a lingering illness at his home in Cloverdale, B.C., aged 74.

A resident of Banff, Alberta, for many years, Mr. McCowan was known far and wide for his writings, lectures and radio broadcasts, most of which were based on long years of study and a deep affection for the flora and fauna of the Canadian Rockies.

Emigrating to Canada from his native Perthshire Highlands, "Dan", as he was affectionately known to his colleagues of the upland trails, was associated with the Canadian Pacific Railway for 25 years. During this period he won considerable renown for his entrancing and witty lectures, usually accompanied by slides depicting the subject of his talks.

In this capacity, he became well known to guests at Banff Springs Hotel and its near-neighbor, Chateau Lake Louise, where his lectures were weekly highlights during the summer season. Most of these were based on animal and plant life in the Banff-Lake Louise region, providing guests with an ideal introduction to their holiday environs.

On a visit to London, England, in 1938, Mr. McCowan was honored with a Fellowship in the Royal Zoological Society and later was made an honorary associate in the Maryland Academy of Science at Baltimore, Md. During the last war, he served the National Council of War Services establishments who took him to many parts of the country via landing barge, jeep, plane, ship and even by fishboat.

A fluent writer, Mr. McCowan enriched the world's libraries by a number of out-

standing books, one of which was dedicated to his close friend, the late John Murray Gibbon, founder of the Trail Riders and Skyline Trail Hikers associations.

As an author he is best remembered for such well-known books as *Animals of the Canadian Rockies*, *A Naturalist in Canada*, *Outdoors with a Camera in Canada*, *Hilltop Tales*, *Tidewater to Timberline*, and the latest of all, *The Upland Trails of Canada*, published in 1955.

Though best associated with our sister association, the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, Dan McCowan was a household name in the ranks of the Trail Riders. Both he and his wife, Mary, wore the 100-mile silver button of the Order.

He held a number of offices in the Skyline Trail Hikers group, including an honorary membership, while both he and Mrs. McCowan were listed as life members. He attended many

camps and was never happier than when hiking his beloved upland trails with those who shared his deep love of the outdoors.

He is also well known to Trail Riders through his numerous articles on wild life that have appeared from time to time through the years in the Trail Riders magazine. Many of these were accompanied by photographs of his own, his talents also extending into this field.

Mr. McCowan first joined the C.P.R. publicity department when this branch of the company was headed by Dr. Gibbon. The latter's judgment in selecting a man of Dan McCowan's qualities was lauded in a recent article appearing in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*:

"Mr. Gibbon's publicity sense was never more acute than when he turned this Scot into a living, walking, talking advertisement for the mountain resorts."



DAN McCOWAN



These "rock autographs" at Skagway, northern terminus of the ship's Vancouver-Alaska run, are viewed by thousands of tourists every summer.

CRUISE TO THE NORTHLAND

(continued from page 6)

katla with its old native Mission, and the Hudson's Bay Fort, at Port Simpson.

After entering United States waters we arrived at Ketchikan, one of the most prosperous towns in Alaska, with modern hotels and a fine shopping district with fascinating curio shops. Here we visited the Fishery Products Laboratory and saw many unique specimens of fish common to Alaskan waters, including wolf-eels, sea-cucumbers, and giant king crabs with a leg-spread of several feet.

Ketchikan Creek with its cascading falls, flows through the heart of the city which nestles beneath Deer Mountain. A beautiful natural park is the beginning of a trail that leads to the ski cabin and to the summit of Deer Mountain, where on clear days the coast of British Columbia may be seen. The largest concentration of totem poles on the continent is assembled at Tlingit Indian Village three miles south of Ketchikan.

From here, our steamer passed through the sheltered inland passage to Wrangell—a lumbering and fishing town rich in history and romance of the early gold-rush

The picturesque stern-wheeler "Tutschi", originally built for gold seeking pioneers, today carries tourists along the silent mountain-rimmed stretch of Tagish Lake into West Taku Arm. Built in Carcross, Yukon, the "Tutschi" makes a two-day round trip of 168 miles.



days, where prospectors once stopped to be outfitted as they headed up the Stikine River toward the Yukon, by way of the Teslin Trail.

Approaching Petersburg is the noted Le Conte Glacier, said to be the most southerly tide-water glacier on the Pacific Coast, which hurls gigantic icebergs into the waters of Frederick Sound. Baird Glacier north of Petersburg, is the nesting grounds for the Arctic tern. These birds are seen by the thousands during nesting time.

With that deep shade of purple haze so peculiar to an Alaskan sunrise and sunset, we now approached the two famous glaciers at the head of Taku Inlet. We were told that one on the left side is a dead glacier, a mixture of brown, white and blue, and is said to be receding. The other glacier is alive and continually moves forward, showing all colors of the rainbow at varying times.

Steaming up Gastineau Channel we arrived in Juneau, the capital city of Alaska, overshadowed down to the sea by a mountain-wall dark green with trees and rising to jagged summits. Streets seem to go upstairs in Juneau, and many a fine residence is perched far aloft on the mountain side.

There are many interesting exhibits of Eskimo and Indian handiwork to be seen at the Territorial Museum and Historical Library, as well as early historical exhibits of flora and fauna of Alaska.

A few miles north of the city is Mendenhall Glacier and Auke Lake. Mendenhall is one of the most visited glaciers in Alaska and the most photographed. It is unique, as one may walk up to this tremendous ice formation, skirt around the edge and walk along the top of it. A bus trip takes the visitors to Auke Bay, Port Louisa and Port Lena, site of many attractive summer homes. The famous Alaska-Juneau gold mine is a landmark at the edge of the city, and across

the busy canal spanned by an automobile bridge is the suburban town of Douglas.

Some of the most wonderful scenery of the cruise is revealed while sailing up an arm of the sea called the Lynn Canal to Skagway, the last port-of-call, as we remain here for 36 hours.

This stop-over at Skagway allows ample time for sight-seeing and exploring other colorful and historic points. These include Fortune Bay and Smuggler's Cove, headquarters of rum-runners during the gold-rush days, where bearded prospectors and hard-eyed gunmen lived and died. Here, despite the changes of the times, local flavor still lingers of an age long past.

Another point of interest is the old Pullen House, owned by Mrs. Harriett Pullen, a picturesque old-timer, who has one of the most historic collections of old relics of the Klondike, which link up with the notorious "Soapy Smith", gambler, saloon keeper and desperado, and which include his gambling gear and brass knuckles . . . the latter item being the instrument used when robbing prospectors returning down the trail with their gold-filled pokes.

Treacherous Trail of '98

Just what the old-timers would do without the saga of "Soapy Smith" is something hard to contemplate, as many are the exciting tales told of luck and hardship, some with variations, too!

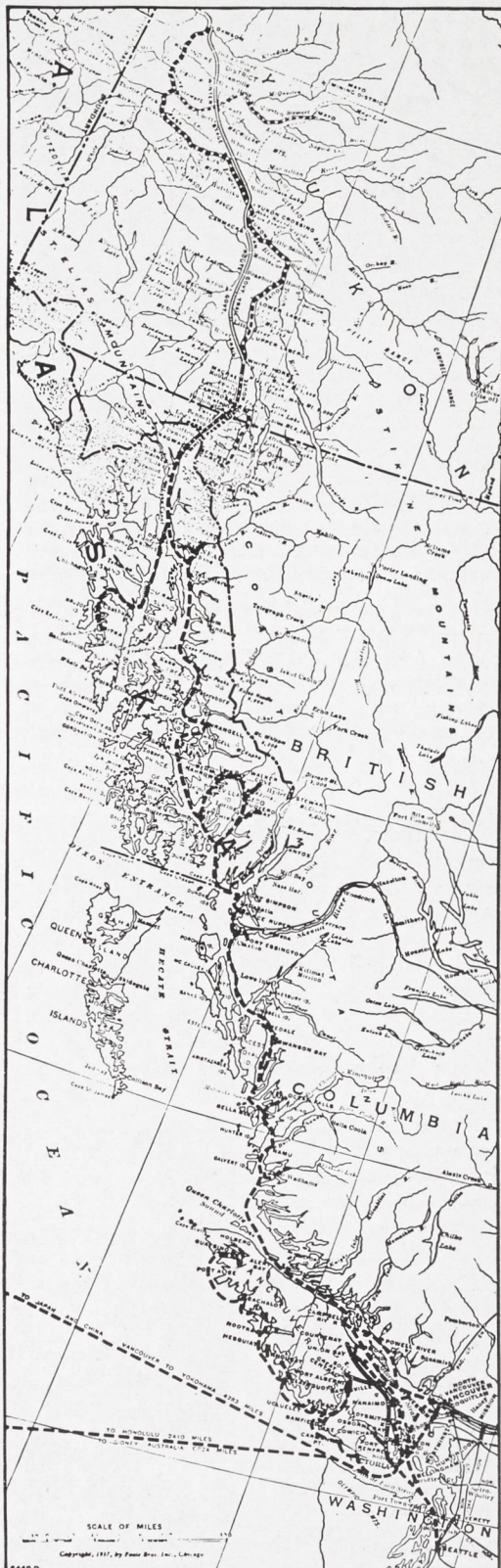
Skagway offers some of the most spectacular creations of nature to be seen anywhere on earth, especially on the rail trip through the White Pass to Carcross in the Yukon Territory.

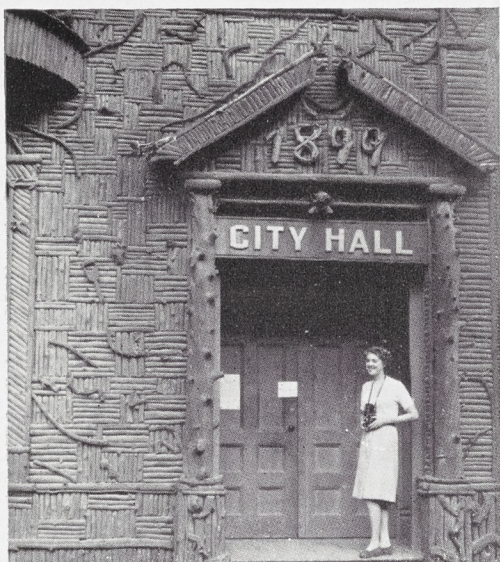
As the train chugs along the winding and treacherous Trail of '98, which lured so many thousands of gold-seekers along this spectacular ascent, the mountainside becomes a riot of floral color — patches of firewood cling to the bronze ore-bearing rocks, and the lower expanses are blue and red with blueberries and low-bush cranberries. What a spot for color film photography! It's like stepping into another world.

There is plenty of primeval beauty as the train feels its way cautiously along the gorge climbing higher and higher and at Inspiration Point, there stands the monument to the memory of the 3,000 pack-horses that left their bones in "Dead Horse Gulch", below. Here a steady stream of humanity poured over these mountain passes to the head waters of the Yukon.

Bennett, once a big tent town, is now merely a ghost town with the ruins of the old church overlooking Lake Bennett, where once it had been overcrowded with thousands

ROUTE TO THE YUKON





Camera-toting tourist inspects Skagway city hall, one of the northern city's more colorful landmarks. Building was erected during height of gold rush days.

of eager and hopeful boat-builders waiting for the spring break-up to continue their journey to the Klondike. Many were unable to survive the hardships and the intense cold of the winter, while others who were stronger, lived to steer their frail craft through the rapids to Whitehorse and continue via the navigable waters of the Yukon River to Dawson City.

We were greeted by the soft magic tones of lake and mountains at Carcross in the Yukon, where there is a choice of two trips up the delightful Lake Tagish, a stretch of water of glacier-green. One, is through the West Taku Arm to the renowned Ben-My-Chree Homestead and its color-splashed gardens. The old house, furnished in astonishing comfort and luxury for such complete isolation, offers a friendly hospitality by its owners to all visitors. The other trip is through a chain of sapphire lakes and mountain forest to Atlin, an 82-mile trip of unbelievable beauty . . . with memories to last through life.

Later we boarded the little stern-wheeler "Tutshi", which was built for pioneers and gold seekers, but today carries only tourists along the silent, mountain-rimmed stretch of Tagish Lake and into West Taku Arm. Here we got a glimpse of almost primeval wilderness as we made its only port-of-call at "Ben-My-Chree", (Manx) for "Girl of my Heart".

The Tutshi, Indian for "Deep dark Waters", has a past linked with gold in the Klondike and the opening of the North. Built in Carcross in the Yukon, the little stern-wheeler has always travelled beautiful

Tagish Lake and the three-mile connecting stretch of Lake Nares, which links it with Lake Bennett at Carcross. For years it was a workhorse boat of the North, taking all the freight and passengers to Atlin. Today, the steamer's passengers are no longer on business in the North, they are holiday seekers from Canada and the United States.

The "Tutshi's" only stop on its 168-mile two-day round trip is "Ben-My-Chree". Here is the homestead that Otto Partridge from the Isle of Man built for the wife who followed him, alone and on foot, over the Trail of '98. When the small mine that the couple operated was wiped out by a landslide, they stayed on because by then, they had fallen in love with the North.

Some years later when the couple passed on, the White Pass and Yukon Railway took over the job of preserving "Ben-My-Chree", today, still a floral oasis within sight of a sub-Arctic glacier.

There is so much more to be seen in this wonderland where many had found gold at the turn of the century, that we wished we could linger awhile longer and journey on to Whitehorse and visit the original cabin of Sam McGee, whose name has been made immortal by Robert W. Service, in his "Cremation of Sam McGee"; or to see the first gold nuggets that "Skookum Jim" picked out of Bonanza Creek and had strung into a watch chain, and to explore further into the past of those hopeful sourdoughs, the legends of which continue to live on undiminished. Gold-dust and nuggets were plentiful in those stirring days,



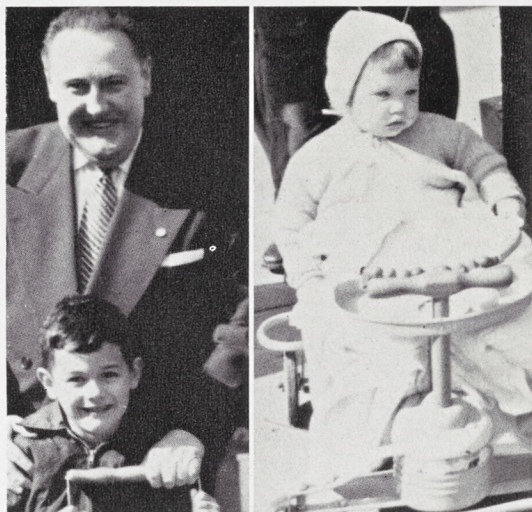
Old stern-wheeler at Whitehorse serves as reminder of Yukon's early history. Whole area is steeped in lore of old gold rush days.

when prospectors only had to dip their pans, shake the gravel and fetch up gold.

What a thrill it would have been to shoot the tempestuous Five-Finger Rapids and to cover the end of the Trail of '98 to Dawson City, once the focal point of the world's greatest gold rush, and where the tiny log cabin home of Robert W. Service still remains!

We found it hard to bid farewell to this fair northern land of early pioneers and prospectors, who are justly proud of its colorful past and ever sure of its future, and to the memory of those brave souls whose strength and courage carried them over the Chilkoot Pass and beyond with the vanguard of 1898.

As we boarded the "Princess Louise" at Skagway, on the return journey to Vancouver, and floated through the Lynn Canal homeward bound, once more we settled back in our comfortable deck chairs to enjoy the keen tang of the sea voyage. We were going back completely refreshed, to the busy pandemonium world . . . known as 'Outside' to those who remain in Alaska and the Yukon—where sunrise and sunset light up the heavens with shimmering light and soothing silence.



Ex-President Keith Hoffmeyer, of Indianapolis, Ind., presents two promising candidates for future trail ride membership! They are Janet Jean, right, and smiling young Kenneth, shown here with Dad in background. Janet Jean was born February 20, 1955, and in addition to blue eyes and brown hair has, according to Keith, "powerful lungs."

Ken has already reached the age where he demands to know the facts of trail ride life. And judging by photo, it won't be long before the name of Hoffmeyer will appear more than once on our annual passenger list!

CREE INDIANS "INVADE" WINDSOR STATION



The spacious concourse of Montreal's Windsor Station echoed to war cries and weird beat of the tom-tom recently when a troupe of Cree Indians from Hobbema, Alta., staged an impromptu pow-wow while enroute to Europe for a tour of the "Big Top" circuit. They were accompanied by Bud Brewster, of Banff, who will act as their European escort, and Claude Brewster, our outfitter, who left the party at Montreal. The show attracted a large throng of paleface brethren many of whom were having their first glimpse of the red men in full tribal regalia.

“Pic” of the Year



This superb silhouette of lone rider and companions “high on a windy hill” has won for Wallace R. (Wally) Joyce, custody of the Townsend Trophy for the 27th year of its award.

One of two photos submitted by Mr. Joyce, one of the ride’s most ardent cameramen, the scene depicts that memorable halt atop Badger Pass on the second day of the five-day ride.

In recognition of his accomplishment, Mr. Joyce will have his name inscribed on the big silver cup, while a small silver replica will be donated for his own trophy room. The “Big Townsend” will be presented to Mr. Joyce at this year’s grand Pow-Wow on the grounds of Banff Springs Hotel.

The selection was made from a number of photo entries submitted by members of both the five-day and six-day rides, by a panel of three judges, none of whom is a member of the association. As a *nomme-de-plume*, the winner selected “C. S. Bailiwick.”

The winning photo scored on a number of points, foremost of which was the striking effect of the group and foreground silhouetted against the massive white cloud. Its composition and knife-like clarity were also deciding factors.

It's in the Bag - You Hope!

By CHARLIE HORSE

"IF I'D only thought of it before!"—Too often do we hear that woeful lament by a cavalcade comrade who, because of an oversight, has found his duffle bag minus some article that would add considerably to his or her enjoyment of the ride.

For the benefit of those who wish to be completely duffle-happy (and who doesn't?), in camp and on the trails, we offer herewith a few timely tips that we hope will prove helpful.

To begin with, the business of packing a duffle bag should not be done in haphazard fashion at the last minute. It should entail a good measure of preparation, with full consideration being given to the sudden change-over from soft city living to the comparative rigors of camp life!

Many of us, for instance require so many hours of good sound slumber to be in top condition for the next day's ride. If you feel you'd stand a better chance of getting that sleep atop an inflated mattress or safari bed (army cot) than on a mattress of evergreens, by all means bring one along.

And if wet feet are inclined to give you the sniffles or worse, be sure to bring along a sturdy pair of rubbers—or better still, rubber boots—to supplement your riding boots unless the latter are *completely* waterproof—and a good many are not.

This extra footwear will protect you, not only from wet weather occasioned by a shower or July snowstorms (Yes, we've had those too) but also the heavy mountain dew that weights down the long grass of our camp environs in the morning and evening. So please tague do chadges id this codected!

To be foot-happy in the saddle—and that's where you'll be spending most of your daylight hours—is a matter of paramount importance! If you're investing in brand new boots, be sure they are (a) large enough to be worn with an extra pair of socks, (b) as waterproof as possible and

(c) designed to slip easily in and out of the big wooden stirrups. It's not necessary to purchase a pair of conventional high-heeled cowboy boots, though these, of course, are as appropriate as they are decorative.

For evening wear in camp, and around the campfire, running shoes, loafers or mocassins will provide a welcome change for saddle-weary feet.

When the mercury takes a dip, be prepared to take a dip in your duffle and fish out a leather or buckskin jacket, wind-breaker, blanket coat, sweater coat, or something equally snug to wrap yourself in. And for those light or not so light alpine showers (should they happen to materialize) a slicker is a must... preferably the light type that can be conveniently strapped to the back of your western saddle.

Next to yourself, of course, the most important thing is your shirt—the gayer and brighter the better. Checks, plaids, gay Tartans, or just plain shades of blue, green, khaki or red, all serve to brighten the cavalcade and make you a likely target for our legions of color photographers!

Blue denims, slacks or levis are standard apparel for the lower half of the torso, though jodhpurs are sported at times by member of the fair sex. And don't forget that long underwear—the lower half, that is—is a must if riding discomfort is to be avoided.

There's nothing like a wide-brimmed 10-gallon hat to complete the Hopalong Cassidy effect! These can be purchased for a reasonably modest charge in Calgary, Banff and probably in your own hometown. And their function is not entirely decorative. They also serve to protect your complexion from the burning alpine sun or from any troublesome raindrops we might encounter!

Blankets, flannelette sheets and rubber ground sheets are provided gratis to all members in camp. Though our supply is generally adequate, there could be times when an extra blanket might not be amiss.





MAP OF TRAIL RIDE AREA FOR 1956



LITTLE RUNT LAUGHED AND LAUGHED

Diary of Duncan the Dude



By JUNE DUNCAN

EVERYONE HAS to start out a dude. But by the end of a six-day trail ride, any uneducated wrangler deserves at least the recognition of a seasoned "hiker".

In my case, there were many trails where the indecisive mental urge to disembark became a major crisis. At one point, however, there was no decision to be made—it was a matter of gravity over unexpectedness!

Although I did endure the tradition of remaining mounted, there were times when I seriously considered elevating the carcass of "Little Runt" over my frail left clavicle, rather than offering him the challenge of carrying ME over the rough spots. I have always felt that mass over mind should buck the burden. But as Runt had a much wider conception, and knowledge of the Rockies than I — he won!

Friday, July 22nd was the fateful day. The sun shone brilliantly over the flock of rustic fugitives as they piled their excessive duffle into Brewster transportation for the jog to trailhead. Like most dudes I was fired with imagination — adventure, campfires, the romance of teepees and warm nights, starlit skies and warm bedrolls. With each mile my anticipation grew. I already knew the handsome steed I should mount — a sleek, willing buckskin with rippling muscles and glorious mane.

I was still aglow with these mental hallucinations when the buses rolled to a stop, spilling enthusiastic trail riders out of their exits and snorting indignantly at the happy shouts of renewed friendships amidst the organized chaos which followed. Dudes, duffle, horses and humans — sparkling smiles, plaid shirts, cameras and cowboy hats. Above this genial confusion the voice of Frank Sabin running through a list of names and numbers.

Where was No. 40 (?)

Finally I heard my name . . . and number "40"! At long last I could search for my horse! But where was he? After a good half hour had elapsed the procedure of uncannily inspecting many strudy rumps and figures — from a safe distance — I located my mount. No name, no flowing mane — just a short, dumpy, chubby little animal that looked with eager anticipation at anything green and edible. The name "Little Runt" immediately leaped from my subconsciousness, and in due course became quite significant. Little Runt was *not* what connoisseurs of horse flesh would consider an example of equus caballus pulchritude!

His being small was somewhat of an injustice too, because the poor little fellow had to carry a very long, very lanky dude!

If I didn't at least make the odd pretense to suggest mental sanity I would swear Little Runt smiled at me! It was an awkward meeting for both of us! *(continued on page 21)*



Author June Duncan, of Edmonton, gets a unique introduction by Marshall Diverty, who makes grand flourish with June's pigtails. June, author of accompanying article, takes it in her stride with a smile to match. Fellow Edmontonian and radio colleague looks on at right. June and Helen were responsible for hilarious radio scrip featured at last year's Stunt Night.

*Those Campfire**Memories!*

No matter how often Ray Bagley (above) delights his audience with poems of the cattle country he can always come up with an encore. Another campfire favorite was Sammy Patterson (right) who brought a flavor of Bonnie Scotland to last year's camp.



Stunt Night would be incomplete without at least one ersatz horse in the cast. Strange indeed are the creations that emerge as equine stand-ins as shown in photo above. Horse danced obligingly to trail ride-inspired parody "Ain't Gonna Need This Hoss No Longer."

Cowboys showed they could entertain with the best of them. At right, two cowboys swing into a lively western duet as colleagues look on. With three guitars on hand, campfire was a holiday for strings.



Let's Try For That Trophy!



COLOR PHOTOS AND 3-D NOW IN RUNNING

TRAIL TIME is "trophy time" when you have a camera slung 'round your shoulder! Or maybe you've forgotten that by a mere click of the shutter you may find yourself in possession of the handsome silver Townsend Trophy awarded each year to the trail rider who, in the opinion of the judges, has captured the year's No. 1 photo.

And this year something new has been added. Whereas in previous years the contest has been confined to black and white entries, this year we're bowing to popular demand and requesting color photos as well.

It's not that we ever had anything against color photos. On the contrary, we think they're terrific. Only objection to admitting them as contest material has been due to reproduction difficulties in the Bulletin. Now, however, with so many trail riders switching over to color photography, the objection has been over-ruled!

As of July 13th the Townsend Trophy contest is open to color photos, black and white, and even 3-D! Any such photos, taken by any kind of camera, by any trail rider during this year's five-day or six-day rides, in camp or on the trail, will be eligible for entry, provided they are received on or before December 31st. One or more photos may be submitted for entry. In fact, it's a good idea to send more if possible.

Each photo should have the sender's *nomme-de-plume* clearly printed on the reverse side, along with date of submission and, if possible, a word or two regarding the location of the scene depicted. A slip of paper, on which is printed the same *nomme-de-plume* as well as the sender's bona fide name, should be enclosed in a sealed envelope with *nomme-de-plume only* on outside.

In addition to having his or her name inscribed on the gleaming walls of the 2-foot high silver cup, the winner will be provided with a small silver replica of the trophy, also featuring his or her name, the Asso-

ciation's name, and the date of award. The big trophy, which lists every winner since 1929, will be exhibited in a showcase at Banff Springs Hotel.

We also make this offer to the winner—provided his entry is in black and white, and provided he's willing to trust the editor with his negative. A matte-finished enlargement, suitably mounted and ready for framing, of the prize pic will be made in our local labs and sent postpaid to the winner. If it's a color photo—well, we're open to suggestions.

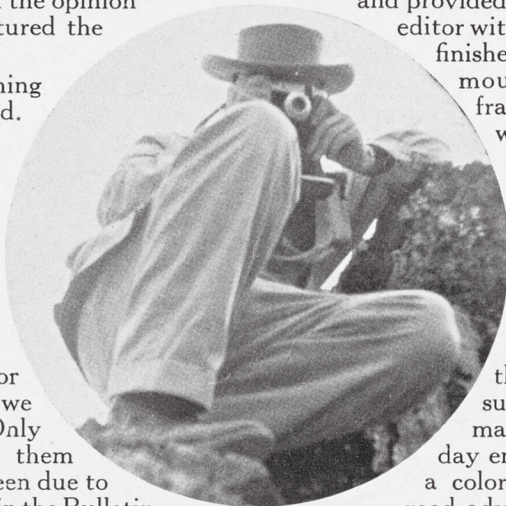
And just to let fellow members in on it, we promise to reproduce the winning photo in a subsequent issue of the magazine. With present day engraving facilities, even a color photo will appear to good advantage.

As usual, the contest will be conducted by a panel of three judges, none of whom is a member of the Association, and none of whom has the slightest idea as to whose photo he is reviewing. Any photo or photos received for entry will be returned after the judging, provided this is specified by the sender.

It should be remembered that fancy photographic equipment is not essential to success in the Townsend Trophy contest! As we've pointed out many times before, an inexpensive box camera has as good a chance of clicking the winner as more expensive models.

Whenever possible, the big Trophy itself is presented to the previous year's winner at the annual Pow-Wow on the grounds of Banff Springs Hotel. Should the winner be absent, it is accepted by a volunteer on behalf of the winner.

Remember, the best way to click on a trail ride is with a well directed camera shutter! And this year, with all that extra special scenery (and sunshine) we're due to enjoy, chances for success are better than ever. The winner may be you. We hope it is.



DIARY OF DUDE

(continued from page 18)

Being of good nature, however, and my soul tingling with adventure, I stepped into Little Runt's saddle as a high jumper steps over a three-foot fence, and encouraged friendship with my new-found companion.

The ride in that first day was a most rewarding one. We not only passed through very lush, very lovely country, but Little Runt and I came to know each other. By the time we made camp, I realized that Little Runt had a great deal of character. He was not only honest and considerate — he was also willing, wise, sure-footed, and most of all had a tremendous sense of humor! That I truly admired!

That first night in camp I shall never forget. The search for duffle, the savory smell of roast beef, the star sprinkled sky and above all new friends in the "doughnut".

Considering the long day's ride, the late night's sojourn in the doughnut, and still later teepee visits, our early rising the next morning was considerably civil, although since that time I have chalked the latter up to "a dude's first enthusiasm". After that,



Trail ride threesome samples camp bill-of-fare. Lunch is taken on trailside.

the evening's work for the girls from the Diamond (or should I say Blockbuster) teepee was to entice some camp gentleman into bringing a much needed cup of java to the lumpy interior by 7:30 B.B. (translated: "before breakfast") There *were* some gentlemen in camp!

Our first day's ride was perhaps the most beautiful — Pulsatilla Pass, Pulsatilla mountain, a brilliant day and a somewhat earthy adventure for yours truly! When I say "earthy" I mean primarily *wet* earth! I have not as yet decided whether the ensuing drama might be classified as a tragedy, a comedy or just plain farce!

It was shortly after lunch — a long line of trail riders picking their way back and forth over a bulgy mountain. There were a number of scattered groups resulting in lost



Anglers found last year's itinerary made to order. Here Elaine Thomson, left, and Gwen Mayne land a frisky rainbow trout, one of the many that didn't get away.

trails and a typical dude's erring ways. A trusting rider preceding me on a large steed ran her mount through a ribbon of mire — black, sticky and wet. Having complete confidence in Little Runt's abilities, I naturally spurred him on to follow his companion. *That* was my first mistake. Suddenly Runt was up to his pelvic girdle in mud! He couldn't come forward, he couldn't move back. So he just sat there looking at me as if to say "someone around here is very obviously an idiot"! Realizing I should have to wait for a guide's assistance, I sat beside my friend patting his head reassuringly. It wasn't until he was pulled out, re-saddled and prepared to move on, that I quite ungracefully went down knee-deep myself! As scenically beautiful as Pulsatilla was that day, I shall always bear memories of cold mud oozing in by boots and Little Runt's mud saturated rump!

The whole ordeal strangely enough brought Little Runt and me even closer. The following rides, to Badger Pass, the three lakes and Luellen were more enjoyable to both — only because we shared a very unglamorous, unorthodox experience!

Many rides, many good times, and many good friends later, to be exact the last evening in camp, I found it truly difficult as we sat around the gigantic fire in the doughnut to realize that the trail ride was almost over. The stunts, the laughter . . . Uncle Ray's eloquent poetry . . . summed up the nostalgic closeness . . . the kindred unreality of this so short week.

As the stars were snuffed out one at a time, campfires dwindled to embers, and happy but weary trail riders slipped into bedrolls for the last time, I wondered if this first trail ride had really happened or whether, it was just a very wonderful figment of the imagination . . . the day-dream of a dude!

A Mountain Rose



by RAY BAGLEY

Between the pages of a book
Long since laid away,
I found a flower pressed and crisp
Of a half-forgotten day.
How long it lay; yet instantly
Time bridged by memory
Across the world this tiny thing
Has brought you back to me.

The nights we danced, you held me close,
What did we know of care,
Content to be within your arms,
Content to have me there.
The trails we rode, the steep, steep trails
Where the Rockies touch the sky,
Scorning the thought that we should part,
Happy, you and I.

A mountain rose between the leaves,
A rose you gave to me,
Tho' eyes are dimmed with unshed tears
I know, where e'er you be
I wish you happiness and peace
On this, the New Year's Day
And I am thankful for the rose
Your gift, and memory.

● *What happened to the rest of that so-called joke appearing on the bottom of page 6 of the December Bulletin? A good question Mr. Reader. Seems it was just a wee bit too long for the printing presses and the "punch line" had no alternative but to let go and drop off. So for the benefit of puzzled readers, we'll repeat the story:*

1st Dude: I was out riding today.

2nd Dude: Horseback?

1st Dude: Yep. Got back three hours before I did.

Trail Ride Reunions Flourish in Foothills

★ ★ ★

The trail ride season seems to be something of a year-round affair (apart from horses and teepees) where some enthusiastic members are concerned! Throughout the winter, the editor has received reports of enthusiastic get-togethers from numerous points on the trail ride map — particularly from Calgary and Edmonton.

Latest of these comes from Howard Watkins, of 1617 Summer Street, Calgary, whose first session was so successful that a repeat performance was held by popular demand. At the risk of making you regret you do not reside in the Foothills City, we'll give an on-the-spot report with Chief Watkins of the Summer Street teepee at the mike.

"The Summer Street pow-wow was a terrific success," reports Howard. "The trail riders arrived early and remained late. In addition to the Calgarians present, we were further honored by the presence of Helen Ramsay, who came from Edmonton to present her 400 feet of excellent trail ride film depicting all phases of trail ride life."

Appropriate slides were shown by Jim Barber, Ross Alger, and Lou Shulman to an enthusiastic audience, including President Charles Douglas, Nan Douglas, our "first lady," Dorothy Holden, Mrs. Ross Alger and Dora Kirk at the accordian.

A repeat performance was held March 29th for the benefit of members who were unable to attend the first reunion show. To maintain the high entertainment standard of the first session, Helen Ramsay loaned her films for the event, while Jim Barber again contributed his slides.

Though Mr. and Mrs. Don McVeigh couldn't make it for the premiere, they were the first to arrive for the repeat performance! Dr. and Mrs. Don. L. McNeil were also on hand to relive those happy hours on the trail — but this time without the surgical kit! Others present included Bunny and Jack Robinson, Lou Shulman and several potential recruits for this year's rides.

A further touch of trail ride atmosphere was added by a dishpan dinner gong (Who can forget those dulcet tones?) plus remarks by Bunny Robinson concerning a bonfire in the middle of the room — not a teepee.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

"The trail riders won't like me for this — In fact I might be expelled!" wrote an apologetic Jim Barber, after abandoning his saddle and donning a pair of hiking boots — repeat *hiking* boots.

However, since several months have elapsed since Jim passed through the transition period, and his membership is still very much intact, it's reasonably safe to divulge what happened to Jim when he substituted his horse's footwork for his own.

Objective for Jim's hob-nailed boots was Dolomite Pass. After an eyeful of Lakes Helen and Katherine, he proceeded down the Banff-Jasper Highway (on foot) where he obtained a backward glimpse of Mt. Assiniboine towering above all others some 60 miles distant.

"Between us," wrote Jim, "we had all the lenses from 35 mm. to 250 mm., although we could have kicked ourselves for leaving the 400 mm. in the car... But we did get some fine transparencies and that is primarily what we went after."

Writes Jim in conclusion: "Most of them wonder why we go on the trail rides... But brother! — How they want to see the pictures — the hard won, the hard fought for, the tough rough times we have to go through, to get results!"

"Trail Riders"

Official Publication of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

Address all Bulletin material to
GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer and Editor
Room 294, Windsor Station
Montreal, Que., Canada

● *If you like shaggy dog stories, you're sure to like this one — even if you have heard it already.*

Seems there was a poker game in progress and, as you might expect, one of the players was a dignified canine. A friend dropping in could not conceal his astonishment to see Rover dealing the cards to his more conventional poker pals.

"Amazing!" he exclaimed to the dog's owner, "Where on earth did you get such a smart dog?"

"Oh, he's not so smart," the latter replied, "Every time he gets a good hand, he wags his tail."

THE LAST ROUND-UP AT INDIAN PAINT POTS



Homeward bound from their camp at Johnson Creek Meadows, members of five-day ride close ranks for group photo during stopover at Indian Paint Pots. It was the last stop for riders before dismounting at Johnson Cabins a short time later. Sun-tan and smiles were standard equipment for all after sunniest of rides.

Bulletin's Arrival Hailed; Hatless Riders Censured!

★ ★ ★

Absence and distance seem to make the heart grow fonder for the Bulletin! This has been emphasized in a letter received from P. Coursier, of faraway Phillipeville in Algeria. Describing the enthusiasm attending the magazine's arrival there, Mr. Coursier writes:

"Its arrival is hailed . . . it is read from the first line to the last, every photo is eagerly looked at. The Bulletin is circulated among my friends at the riding club and when it comes back is carefully restored to the shelf where I keep my other western books."

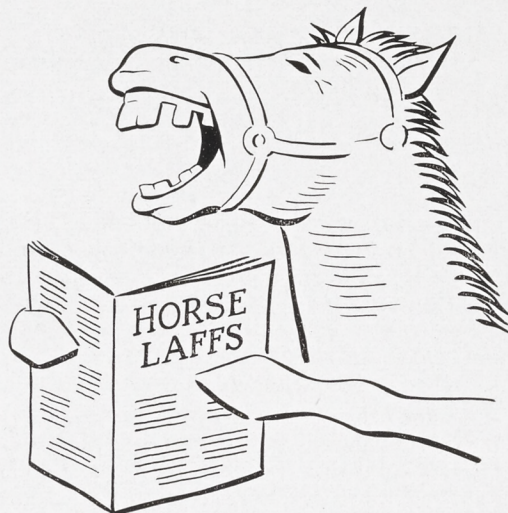
During World War II, Mr. Coursier experienced long delays in receiving his Bulletins, one taking as long as six months to reach him! In this instance, he preserved the wrapper, bearing marks of the British and French controlling offices, and wrote on one corner as follows:

"This wrapper is a true war document. It contained the 63rd issue of the Bulletin, printed in Canada on June 25th, 1941, posted at Montreal on the 30th, arrived at the controlling office in Algiers on December 27th. Was reposted on the 29th and reached me on December 31st."

By reading of our activities and surveying the many photos, Mr. Coursier reports that some members have become as familiar as though he had known them personally. He is also happy to note that hatless trail riders are few and far between.

"Riding bareheaded," he writes, "is considered among us as a breach of equestrian etiquette. When we go out for a ride, anyone who is hatless is requested to accept the loan of a hat for the occasion." The fact that we advocate hats for the ride drew praise from Mr. Coursier.

We are grateful that our activities should be followed with such interest in such far-off lands. The editor also hopes that Mr. Coursier will experience no more such delays in receiving the long-awaited publication.



A trail rider, stopping over in Banff, answered the phone for the third time and repeated: "It certainly is," and hung up. A somewhat mystified fellow trail rider asked who was at the other end of the line.

"Oh, it's just some eccentric lady," he replied, "who keeps saying: 'It's a long distance from Montreal.'"

Quite a few songs (not westerns, of course), have a haunting melody. Could it be because they've been murdered by the players?

When it comes to some cooking (not trail ride, of course), only the brave deserve the fare.

"This horse is a real bargain," said the enthusiastic salesman to a prospective buyer, "just look at that coat!"

"It's not the coat that worries me," the latter replied, "It's the pants."

"Hey!" yelled the cowboy, "What's the idea of trying to put your hand in that horse's mouth?"

"I'm not," replied the nervous trail rider, "I'm trying to get it out."

Throwing horseshoes over your shoulder can be a strenuous sport — particularly if there happens to be a horse attached.

Trail riding may be alright, said one skeptic, but doesn't it give you a headache?

"No," replied the other, "Quite the reverse."

DON'T FORGET THESE BIG DATES!

Five-Day Ride — Friday, July 13th to Tuesday, July 17th

Six-Day Ride — Friday, July 20th to Wednesday, July 25th

"RIDING HIGH" SEEN BY 133,000*Trail Riders Score with T.V. Viewers*

Trail Riders, often accustomed to reading about themselves in various newspaper and magazine features, or seeing themselves perform in motion picture "shorts", have since made their debut in the newest medium of them all.

They are now making a hit on T.V.!

During the past 15 months, the film "Riding High", depicting the highlights of a recent trail ride in the Mount Assiniboine country, has been telecast over eight Canadian T.V. stations to an estimated audience of 133,000 viewers.

Photographed in sound and color, the 650-ft. film, released by the department of public relations of the Canadian Pacific

Railway, has also been viewed by enthusiastic audiences in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, through the regular medium of motion picture shows.

The film takes the audience on a five-day trail ride, introducing them to the spectacular mountain scenery, and various aspects of camp life, including a typical camp supper, complete with western flapjacks!

During the period January 9th, 1955 to March 13th, 1956, stations across Canada televised the film to their respective viewers as follows: Calgary, 25,000; Sault Ste. Marie, 5,000; Saskatoon, 20,000; Kingston, 15,000; Brandon, 10,000; London, 30,000; North Bay, 7,000; Peterborough, 21,000.



ROUND-UP SKETCH—It's back to the corral and "saddling up" for the evasive white cayuse — provided the lariat-swinging cowboy gets his way. And it's a safe bet he will.

Sketch represents work of Lois Laidlaw, talented teen-age daughter of F. L. Laidlaw, of Vancouver, official photographer on several recent rides. Lois has also accompanied the cavalcade in the past and proven herself an expert equestrienne.

Next to riding horses, Lois' favorite sport is creating them on the drawing board. Another of her sketches appeared in a previous issue of the Bulletin.

Vacation in the Sky

by WALLACE R. JOYCE

FOR THE friendliest, relaxing-est holiday amid some of the world's most magnificent scenery, you can't do better than join the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

Now, riding a horse may not be everybody's "cup of tea", but the Trail Riders jog along the mountain trails so easily, with frequent stops for rest (and photography), and their outfitters are so successful in finding ponies to suit every grade of riding proficiency, that even the complete novice will have no difficulty unless positively allergic to horses.

The Trail Rides owe much of their success to the efficiency and good nature of the outfitter's staff, under the able leadership (at least for the last couple of years) of Bud Brewster. A more obliging bunch of guides won't be found anywhere.

.....
• The accompanying article by Wallace R. Joyce, of Toronto, is reproduced here through the courtesy of "Focus" magazine, which carried the article, along with photos of last year's ride, in its March issue.

To complete the trail ride touch, the issue carried a magnificent cover photo by Wally Joyce, illustrating riders silhouetted on the ridge of Badger Pass.

.....
 I have yet to detect a note of impatience, even at my thousandth stop to take a picture, and that's a severe test. No, these Alberta cowboys build-in their own easy-going goodwill when they set up the tepees, and it persists for the duration of camp.

Formed in 1923, the Trail Riders is an independent society of alpine enthusiasts who seek on horseback some of the less accessible splendours of the Canadian Rockies, and find on mountain trails good fellowship with persons of like mind.

Membership is of both sexes, from teenagers to octogenarians, with an occasional sub-teen-ager completing a family group. They come from everywhere in Canada and the United States—Florida to Vancouver Island, and from such more distant points as Britain and Siam. After their first camp they return again and again: the first day of each ride is like a family reunion.

Originally the Trail Riders moved camp each day, but as the membership grew this

became more difficult to handle. They now set up a permanent camp, from which they take a different trail each morning, lunch on the trail, and return to camp at nightfall for the evening meal. Meals are excellent (of course the appetites are, too) and you sleep in the Indian tepees, in sleeping bags over beds of fragrant spruce boughs (unless you prefer to take an air mattress).

Two camps—of five and six days' duration—are held each July, (when the weather is most dependable), a different campsite being chosen every year, usually within a forty-mile radius of Banff or Lake Louise.

The 1954 camps were at the upper end of Bryant Creek Meadows, the tepees dwarfed by the towering mountain walls of Gibraltar and Cascade Rocks. The buses from Banff took us as far as the Spray Lakes where our horses awaited us, and the trail to camp led through some fifteen miles (more or less) of superb mountain scenery.

The wildflowers in the Canadian Rockies are unequalled in colour and variety. Along the trail the lush meadows and the woodland clearings are patterned with colour—buttercup and shooting star and wild roses, larkspur and lupine of deepest blue, columbines in yellow or blue or scarlet, the cinquefoils and the vetches, contorted lousewort whose beauty belies its name, the brilliant Indian paintbrush and the delicate bog wintergreen. Higher up are the anemones and crocuses, the mountain (tiger) lilies and the beautiful yellow snow lilies, moss campion, mountain avens, the heather and the saxifrages and the gentians—exquisite miniatures of purest hue.

You will see more interesting wildlife in the Mountains, too, though seldom when on horseback, for the cavalcade announces its coming. Marmots, elk, moose and bears are not unusual, and if you are lucky you may see an occasional mountain sheep or—rarest of all—a mountain goat.

On this occasion as we halted for lunch at the side of Turbulent Creek, I was surprised to see a bird—somewhat larger than a robin, dark in colour, and obviously *not* of the water-fowl variety—dive into the stream and remain under for some time before emerging. I discovered later that this was the American dipper or water-ouzel, the only bird able to walk under water along the bed of a stream.

Lake not fished out

A short ride from camp took us over the Continental Divide, through Assiniboine Pass into Mt. Assiniboine Provincial Park. We had our lunch at the edge of Lake Magog, looking across its steel-blue waters to the towering snow-capped pyramid that is Mt. Assiniboine.

From Lake Magog we climbed southward to cross the snow-line in Wonder Pass, looked down on the turquoise waters of three jewel-like lakes—Marvel, Terrapin and Gloria, and the trail switchbacked down along Marvel Lake to lead us back to camp.

Report had it that more than 1200 fish had been taken from Marvel Lake in the first two weeks after the season had opened, but a couple of our party were able to prove that it was by no means fished out, and most of us enjoyed the delicious rainbow trout for breakfast at least one morning. For those Trail Riders who wield a rod instead of a camera the guides are always willing to organize a fishing party.

On another day our ride took us north of Lake Magog to visit Sunburst Lake and Cerulean Lake beyond. It is from the vicinity of Elizabeth Rommel's cabin on

lovely little Sunburst Lake that the pyramid of Mt. Assiniboine appears narrowed, with the suggestion of a twist, causing some to call it 'the Canadian Matterhorn'. Certainly, from any angle, this 11,870 foot peak is one of the most impressive in the Rockies.

We were blessed with brilliant sunshine through most of the camp (don't forget your sun-tan cream in the high altitudes). However, slickers must be carried for the sudden mountain showers which do arise but usually are of short duration. On this ride we required them at the start of the first day but I don't remember needing them thereafter until our last night in camp. Then it rained all night but was clear and fine the next morning for our ride back to Banff, although the wind was bitterly cold as we came through Allenby Pass before descending down Brewster Creek.

The second ride always ends with a pow-wow in the grounds of the Banff Springs Hotel, which provides an opportunity for meeting some old friends who were not able to attend the camp.

The 1955 camps were equally successful, the camp being situated in a superb site near the headwaters of Johnson Creek, the

(continued on page 28)



Trail riders relax in idyllic alpine retreat prior to tackling the long ride to Badger Pass. Hemmed in by gigantic mountains and dotted with lush evergreens, it was described by many as the loveliest lunch stop of the five-day ride.

VACATION IN THE SKY

(Continued from page 27)

ramparts of Pulsatilla Mountain rising sharply behind the teepees.

This time I took a five-day ride and had the pleasure of meeting "Lib" Smith, who is something of a trail-riding institution. A Pennsylvania schoolmarm, for a number of years Lib has brought a party of attractive young ladies out to ride at Claude Brewster's Kananaskis Ranch, which prepares them for the Trail Ride. Lib herself is a very good sport, a wonderful asset to any camp, and her girls always contribute immensely to the evening campfires.

The campfire programmes are a distinctive and enjoyable feature of the Trail Rides. After supper we assemble on a circle of logs around a blazing campfire in "the Doughnut", a large circular tent with the centre of the roof cut out to let the smoke through (at least that's the theory). We have an experienced accordionist and an expert master of ceremonies to lead the singing. The routine is varied with a story or poem by "Uncle" Ray Bagley, an Alberta old-timer without whom no Trail Ride would be complete, and sometimes the cowboys beguile us with their melancholy ballads or we will roll the circle of logs out of our way and have a lively square dance.

The final night is skit night at the campfire, with each tepee expected to make its contribution, and a remarkable variety of stunts are devised. This year a couple of the teepees put their heads together and, since several members were from England, Scotland and Wales, decided to present "St. George and the Dragon". It is surprising to see how one suggestion leads to another in a group of this kind, and in no

time we had constructed from a few cardboard cartons a helmet and shield for St. George and realistic heads for his horse and the dragon. A few pieces of rope were unstranded to provide mane and tail, while a genuine bridle and groundsheets did the rest. We decided that our imported St. George should be rescuing an Indian princess (a part played by Lib with effective war-whoops), and we had no less an authority than the distinguished President of the Central Ontario Drama League (Miss Vida Peene of Toronto) as the mid-part of the dragon. The author speaks with some feeling on this thespian venture—he himself played the south end of the horse (going north). In any case, this and other skits were hilariously received.

While Toronto was melting in its July heatwave we rode up over the snow through Pulsatilla Pass and Badger Pass. ("I knew Johnson Creek when it was only a snowball" one Trail-Rider remarked quite accurately). There was good fishing in the emerald waters of Luellen Lake, on the north side of Castle Mountain, not far from camp. Our trails took us through woods and streams, over alpine meadows and into the feathery larch forests. Everywhere was spectacular mountain scenery and the champagne-lightness of mountain air.

But one trail leads to another, and there's always a new mountain valley to visit, another exciting alpine pass to climb. Won't you join us for the 1956 Trail Ride in the heart of the Canadian Rockies?



Donna Smale shows what happens when you forget to bring along a drinking cup.



Horses tread gingerly over deep snows of Pulsatilla Pass, scenic highlight of the ride. Such abundance of snow in mid-July was a real eye-opener—particularly to our friends from the south.



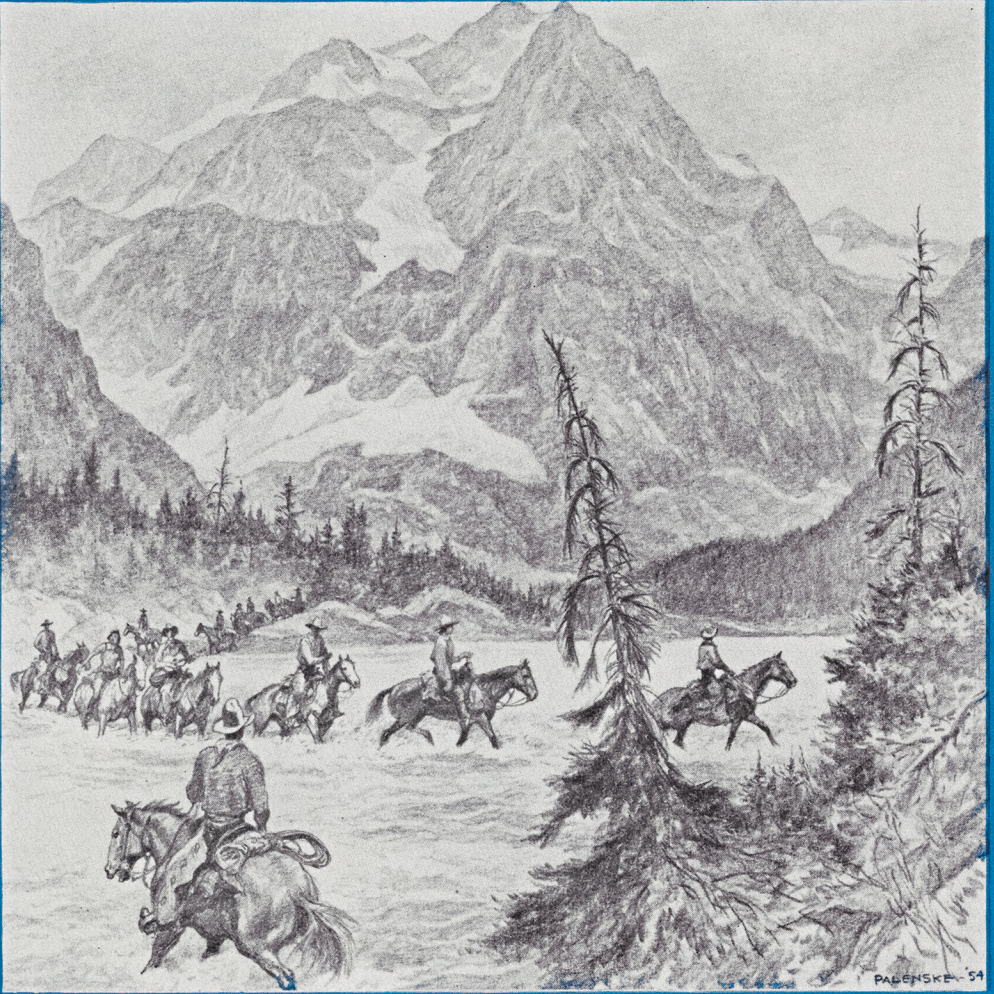
◆
Horses eavesdrop as Gwen Mayne, left, and Elaine Thomson carry on conversation from saddle. Patient animals carried us safely through snows, over rock and across streams.



Janice Crump surveys landscape from perfect vantage point.



◆ Harold and Dorothy Hayward at Luellen Lake.



Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

This will Certify that:



has accumulated a minimum of 500 miles of horseback riding on skyline trails of the Canadian Rockies, as specified by the Constitution (Article 4, Section 3) and has qualified in all other respects for Life Membership in this Association. In recognition thereof, as of this date and for all time, the Trail Rider listed above is to be accorded all considerations and privileges commensurate with the honor of Life Membership.

Secretary-Treasurer

Date

President

Cameron Cartoons

(Continued from page 2)

present an irresistible temptation to see what's "over the hill", Stewart Cameron succumbed to this lure at an early age. At 14 he went on his first mountain trip, and, after picking up the art of packing and shoeing horses from his many cowboy and old-time rancher friends, he was soon able to make his way around the hills with his own little string of pack horses.

It was never definitely established whether Cameron finished his schooling or if it finished him. However, after this questionable phase of his life, he commenced to cartoon for the local newspapers, and for many years his cartoons were eagerly read from day to day in Calgary and later in Vancouver. He also worked for a time at the Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood.



● This is one of a set of ten cartoons by Stewart Cameron, entitled "Pack Horse in the Rockies" — average size: 8¼ x 11½. The complete set can be obtained by writing — Cameron Cartoons (No. 3), Box 368, Calgary, Alta. (Price: \$1.00 per set, by cheque, money order, or cash).



MOUNTING THE DUDES



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